

The New Boss.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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"YOU can't always tell what's in a bundle by the look of the wrapper."

The old man had found a seat upon a fallen tree that lay upon a sunny hillside and was carefully smoothing and shaping a cane he had cut near by. He held it up as he spoke and let his eye run along its length as if to discover its irregularities, but his gaze wandered quite beyond the stick to the valley and river below, where stood the great mill, with its tall, blackened chimneys and massive walls.

"No, sir, you can't always tell by the looks of a bundle what's inside of it," he repeated more emphatically. "And if folks would only understand it and stop tryin' 'twould save a deal of trouble. Now there's the Darlin'!"

"Darlin'?" the visitor repeated uncertainly.

"Oh, 'tain't the name of any kind of workman like the puddler or naffer or such; it's just a name that's his. We give it when he first come here, twelve years and more ago. Things had been goin' pretty bad at the mill then—and stops and hitches of one kind or 'nother—and times gettin' worse for the men all the while.

"Mismanagement most of it was, or, leastways, we thought so. Old Keswick—he was the overseer here—was one of the shortsighted, navin' kind that would lose a dollar in tryin' to keep a penny. He'd pinch and screw and 'economize, as he called it, and let things go that ought to be 'tended to till at last some big break would sweep off in a day all his stinginess had saved in a year. Then he'd think expenses was so high that wages ought

to be cut a little lower.

"I don't need to tell you that there wasn't any love wasted between him and the men. They'd got discouraged and bitter and sort of reckless-like, when all of a sudden Keswick dropped down in a dead faint in the mill and had to be carried home. That was the beginnin' of a long sickness that ended his work at the mill.

"The rest of the company bought out his interest, and he went off to Europe. We didn't know who would be sent to take charge then, but we sort of hoped 'twould be left in Jim Bryce's hands.

"There wasn't much reason to expect it, of course, but he was the man we wanted. Naturally after the way things had been goin' we thought one of ourselves, who'd feel some interest in his old mates, would be an improvement. Then one day down in the mornin' train comes one of the company, bringin' with him a young feller—looked younger than he was, with his white skin, blue eyes and light curly



"SUPERINTENDENT!" SAYS TOM CLARKSON.

hair like a girl's; that kind always does—that he said was the new superintendent.

"Superintendent!" says Tom Clarkson as they passed by where he was workin'. That chap never superintended nothin' heftier than a bandbox in his born days.

"Well, he didn't look like it, that's a fact. But the company owned the mill, you see, and this feller was one of their sort, and so into the place he goes, fine clothes, curly hair, white hands and all. I b'lieve them white hands made the boys madder than anything else. They was strong enough lookin', too, but white as a lady's.

"Look at 'em!" says Tom, holdin' up his own rough, black paws to show the difference. "If the company's bound to give him somethin' to do, why don't they buy him a pretty little planer and set him to playin' it? That's all he's fit for. He ought to be safe at home, mammy's darlin'."

"So that was the name we got to callin' him, 'the Darlin'." Not to his face, bless you, no! Them blue eyes could turn steel blue now and then and flash out sharp of a sudden like a knife blade.

"After awhile we found there were some experiments to be made—some invention of his—and that was one reason why he'd come here. We didn't like him any better after we heard that. I can tell you, for we thought the company 'd sink a lot more money in such nonsense. 'Twasn't our money, and so we hadn't no reason to grumble, you say? Well, there's two sides to that. There's two sides to most things if a body 'll only take the trouble to look for 'em.

"Did you ever think how you'd feel to look down at your hands—big, strong and willin', but helpless to provide for them dependin' on you—and then see a pair of soft white hands carelessly wastin' what would be life to you and yours?

"That's how it looked to us. For times had been hard with us, and, as I told you, old Keswick had always calculated that the losses must be evened up on wages somehow.

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February Official Tide Tables

Compiled by the U. S. Government for
Astoria and Vicinity.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

High Water, Date	A. M. h. m.	P. M. h. m.
Saturday	1:00 7.4	
Sunday	11:50 8.3	
SUNDAY	2:11 8.1	12:40 9.0
Monday	3:15 8.6	1:50 9.3
Tuesday	4:24 9.0	3:00 9.6
Wednesday	5:30 9.3	4:10 9.4
Thursday	6:40 9.6	5:05 9.2
Friday	7:50 9.7	6:08 7.2
Saturday	8:50 9.8	7:14 6.6
SUNDAY	9:35 9.1	8:24 6.4
Monday	10:20 8.0	9:52 6.2
Tuesday	11:24 7.10	10:44 6.4
Wednesday	12:24 7.11	11:08 6.8
Thursday	13:10 7.11	11:54 7.1
Friday	14:10 8.0	
Saturday	15:00 7.4	
Sunday	15:45 8.1	
SUNDAY	16:12 7.19	12:34 8.1
Monday	17:10 7.9	1:00 8.1
Tuesday	18:15 8.0	1:35 8.0
Wednesday	19:25 8.1	2:10 7.9
Thursday	20:25 8.1	2:45 7.6
Friday	21:30 8.3	3:09 7.4
Saturday	22:35 8.1	4:19 6.9
SUNDAY	23:35 8.0	5:25 6.5
Monday	24:35 7.9	6:35 6.3
Tuesday	25:35 7.9	7:50 5.8
Wednesday	26:35 7.9	8:25 6.0
Thursday	27:35 7.10	9:44 6.6
Friday	28:35 8.1	11:25 7.4
Saturday	29:35 8.2	